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Kenneth Graham Duffield



## A BOOK OF PATRIOTISM

Somebody's boy has crossed th' sea,  
T' do th' fightin' fer you and me.  
Let's call him "Bill"—he's any man's  
son  
That carries a pack an' shoulders a  
gun.

50 Cents. Net







**Bill**  
**OF THE U. S. A.**  
**And Other War Verses**

**By**  
**Kenneth Graham Duffield**

**This One**



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## FOREWORD

Somebody's boy has crossed th' sea,  
T' do th' fightin' fer you and me.

Let's call him "Bill"—he's any man's  
son

That carries a pack an' shoulders a  
gun.



# Bill of the U. S. A.

---

## BILL

There wan't much excitement 'round  
our way,

'Bout th' war.

We tuk th' papers an' read 'em  
through,

When we hadn' nuthin' better t' do.

We didn' know which side wuz right,

An' didn' much care who won th'  
fight.

So th' ole war run along until

Th' President said he needed Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Seems like th' Dutch wuz a-killin' our  
folks

Out on th' sea,  
A-sinkin' our ships an' a-sendin' 'em  
down,  
An' lettin' th' wimmin an' children  
drown.

Th' President writ 'em a note er two,  
A-tellin' 'em what they'd better do,  
But they kep' right on until  
Th' President says, "It's up t' Bill."

So he sent out word t' count th' men  
Ez wuz fitten t' fight,  
An' Bill he put right off fer town,  
An' found a feller 'at writ it down  
'Bout where he wuz born—what town  
an' state.

An' Bill he give 'im his age an' date:  
"Born up yonder an' livin' there still.  
Scratch out 'Exempt,' I'll fight," sez  
Bill.

## BILL

---

There wan't any fellers much  
straighter than Bill—

Er better built.

A hundred an' eighty an' five foot  
ten—

Th' mould God uses when makin' men.

Bill's hair wuz black an' his eyes were  
blue—

That wuz his Irish showin' through.

An' th' captain sez, ez captains will,

“Send me a million men like Bill.”

So Bill he's packed an' ready t' go,

'Way over there.

A-shoulderin' gun an' his soldier's  
kit—

Able an' willin' t' do his “bit.”

Ready t' see th' ole war through,

An' do th' fightin' there is t' do.

They've fought together, an' allus  
will—

God an' th' U. S. A.—an' Bill.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## BILL'S DAD

Our last sight uv Bill wuz jest 'is back,  
Far off in th' distance, beneath 'is  
pack.

Couldn' go t' th' train, his mother an'  
me,

'A-makin' it harder fer Bill, y' see.

We stood on the sidewalk, an' watched  
'em go—

Shoulder t' shoulder, an' row on row.  
Bill couldn' speak, but 'is head wuz  
high.

He gave us a look, an' waved "Good-  
bye,"

An' I couldn' help feelin', ez fathers  
will,

"Ef it only wuz me—instead uv  
Bill!"

## BILL'S DAD

---

We didn' say much, at supper, that  
    night,  
An' mother seemed older — more  
    feeble an' white,  
She stuck it out somehow, ez brave ez  
    could be;  
Never thought uv herself, but allus uv  
    me.



We seen in th' papers 'at Bill'd  
    reached France,  
An' off t' th' front, at th' very first  
    chance,  
It told how th' Frenchmen thanked  
    God, on their knees,  
When the Star Spangled Banner flew  
    out on th' breeze,  
Still I couldn' help feelin' ez fathers  
    will,  
“Ef it only wuz me—instead uv  
    Bill!”

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

An' so it ran on, with a word, now an'  
then,

That told us uv Bill an' th' rest uv th'  
men.

An' often at night, when th' supper  
wuz through,

We'd read in th' Bible a chapter er  
two.

Th' thing 'at hurt most, though, wuz  
Bill's empty chair,

Drawn up t' th' table ez if he wuz  
there.

We know he'll be back, when th'  
world is set free,

An' we'll be together—Bill, mother  
an' me.

But I allus keep prayin', ez fathers  
will,

“Ferget about us God—an' look  
after Bill.”

# THE MOTHER OF BILL

## THE MOTHER OF BILL

We found it wuz hard t' let Bill go  
Off t' th' war.  
It's easy t' cheer th' other man's  
son—  
It comes kinda hard when there's only  
one.  
But Bill, he sez, "There's a job t' do;  
I'll shoulder a gun an' see it through."  
An' over in France, they foller 'im  
still,  
Th' love an' th' prayers uv th' Mother  
uv Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Th' day it wuz cruel, an' th' night wuz  
worse,

A-waitin' fer Bill.

But th' Doctor an' me, we seen it  
through,

Him tellin' me what there wuz t' do.

An' after a while it come t' me—

We used t' be two, but now wuz three;

An' a little pink face, when all wuz  
still,

Wuz snuggled up close t' th' Mother  
uv Bill.

## THE MOTHER OF BILL

Th' strongest thing in all Mother's  
life

Wuz her love fer Bill.

She'd plan an' plan what he'd be some  
day;

"Ain't nothin' too big fer Bill," she'd  
say.

I know 'at th' angel, in robes uv white,  
'At gathers th' prayers we say at  
night,

Takes t' God, first, an' allus will,  
Th' whispered prayers uv the Mother  
uv Bill.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## BACKING UP BILL

There wan't many fellers went over  
th' sea,

Along with Bill.

Th' "Dutch," they laughed, ez they  
seen 'em come,

With blare uv bugle an' tap uv drum,  
They kinda fergot, though th' men  
wuz few—

They carried th' ole Red, White and  
Blue,

An' where it waves there's follerin'  
still,

Ten million men t' back up Bill.

## BACKING UP BILL

Th' President said, ez they sailed  
away,

“Hold 'em, Bill!”

Git out in front, where th' fightin's  
hot;

Show 'em th' kind uv men we got.

Th' food is coming, an' ships an'  
guns—

You'll need 'em all t' beat th' Huns.

I haven't fergot—an' I never will—

Th' promise I made t' back up Bill.”

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

A hole in th' ground an' a place t'  
sleep

Satisfies Bill.

He needs th' bread an' enough t' eat.  
So use up th' corn—send HIM th'  
wheat.

It's fish an' fowl fer me an' you,  
But good red meat fer th' fightin'  
crew.

Cut out th' waste till we're "over th'  
hill."

Everything counts while' we're backin  
Bill.

## **BACKING UP BILL**

Some folks fight an' others pay,  
A-helpin' Bill.

Some give a million an' some a cent;  
It ain't what you give, but how it's  
meant.

So give an' give an' give agen,  
Till th' country's clean uv money an'  
men.

Give ez you can, uv your own free will,  
Stand by your country—an' back up  
Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Folks we're helpin' are fixin' t' quit,  
So th' papers say.  
Bill's been t' school an' he's almost  
through;  
Th' lesson's learned, an' there's work  
t' do.  
He's in th' fight, an' he's in t' stay,  
Till th' "Dutch" are marchin' t' other  
way.  
They ain't won yet, an' they never  
will,  
'Cause th' HULL DERNED COUN-  
TRY'S backin' Bill.

## UP TO BILL

---

### UP TO BILL

There's ain't many fellers a-laughin'  
t'day

'Bout th' war.

A-sayin' they know it's boun' t' be  
through,

'Fore Bill an' th' rest learn what t'  
do.

Things don't run on ez smooth ez they  
did,

Mistakes are made an' have t' be hid.  
An' I can't help thinkin' an' wond'rin'  
still

If the Allies don't figger—"It's up t'  
Bill."

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Bill's big an' strong, an' he'll play th'  
game

'Way over th' sea.

He's heard th' stories th' blind men  
tell

Uv liquid fire, like a burnin' hell.

He swore an oath an' he breathed a  
prayer;

"God help th' 'Dutch,' if they don't  
play fair."

An' th' sightless eyes will remind him  
still

Th' payment is due—an' it's up t'  
Bill,

## UP TO BILL

---

It's goin' t' be bitter an' hard an'  
cruel

Afore we're done.

An' the fightin' man, an' his fightin'  
crew,

Will have a-plenty uv work t' do.

Soldiers an' sailors an' those 'at fly

Have shed their blood an' had t' die.

They gave all they had, ez brave men  
will—

They fought a good fight—now it's up  
t' Bill.

Th' days will be long when there ain't  
no news

A-tellin' uv Bill.

We know 'at he'll stick, through thick  
an' thin.

We're backin' him up, an' he's bound  
t' win.

An' th' great big heart uv the U. S. A.,

A-growin' tend'rer day by day,

Is holdin' him close, an' ever will,

'Cause her whole existence is up  
t' Bill.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## CHRISTMAS—AND BILL

It don't seem more'n a year er two,  
    Since Bill wuz small,  
An' askin' questions 'bout Santa  
    Claus,  
An' whether reindeer had feet er  
    paws.  
But allus at Christmas, his Mother  
    an' me,  
We'd hang up th' stockin's fer Bill t'  
    see.  
They looked real friendly, ez stockin's  
    do,  
With a dear little stockin' between th'  
    two.

## CHRISTMAS—AND BILL

But th' years run on, an' th' days  
went by,

Ez they allus will.

An' Bill he growed up big an' strong,  
With a heart ez clean ez a blue-bird's  
song.

We had our sorrows, ez parents will,  
But never a heartache cause uv Bill.  
An' still each year, fer gifts unseen,  
Th' stockin's hung with Bill's be-  
tween.

Just beginnin' t' know Bill good,

When th' war broke out,

An' Bill jined up with th' fightin'  
crew,

An' sez t' me, "Dad, there's work t'  
do.

You stay at home, an' work an' pay,  
I'll fight fer th' flag an' th' U. S. A."  
He said he'd be back, when th' chores  
wuz done

A-makin' "good Germans" of every  
Hun.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

It's sad an' lonely, at Christmas time,  
Fer mother an' me.

Th' load is heavy th' parents bear,  
With us over here an' him over there,  
But Christmas Eve, when th' fire is  
dim,

He'll think uv us an' we'll think uv  
him,

An' God, some day, when th' war is  
done,

Will send us back our fightin' son.

## A LETTER TO BILL

### A LETTER TO BILL

“It’s lonely, son, since you went  
away,

Across th’ sea,  
Th’ birds don’t sing ez they used t’  
do,

When we went fishin’—just me an’  
you.

It’s hard t’ bear—you’re all I’ve got,  
An’ when I gave you I gave a lot.

But stick t’ your job, an’ be a man,  
If you can’t lick ’em, your Daddy can.

“It’s goin’ t’ be tough fer me an’ you  
’Fore th’ war is done.

You’re goin’ t’ be hungry an’ tired  
an’ sore.

Th’ guns ’ll be few an’ oughta be  
more.

But don’t fergit I’m with you, son,  
A-sweatin’ blood till th’ war is done.

I’m kinda old, but I’m still a man,  
If you can’t lick ’em, your Daddy can.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

“I’m sorta crippled an’ not ez young  
Ez I used t’ be.

But a derned good fight is in me still,  
If you need th’ ‘Old man,’ jest hol-  
ler, Bill.

We’ll send th’ guns, an’ all th’ rest,  
You stay on th’ job, an’ do your best.  
Don’t grumble er cuss—jest be a man.  
If you can’t lick ’em, your Daddy can.

“We’ve allus been pardners, since  
you wuz small,

Jest me an’ you.

Seemed like a knife stuck in my heart  
When you jined th’ army, t’ do your  
part;

I’ll work over here—you fight over  
there,

An’ father an’ son are a pretty good  
pair.

An’ allus remember, you’ve got an  
‘Old Man,’

If you can’t lick ’em, your Daddy  
can.”

## BILL'S UNCLE

---

### BILL'S UNCLE

Bill sent a letter th' other day  
From over in France.  
An' started it off: "Dear Uncle Sam,  
You told me t' go an' here I am.  
Been learnin' a lot 'bout how t' fight,  
An' pluggin' away with all my might.  
I'm kinda tired uv settin' still;  
I'm ready t' fight—let's go," sez Bill.

"You sure been a good ole Uncle t' me  
Since I wuz small.  
There's never been much you asked  
me t' do.  
You're needin' me bad an' I'll see you  
through.  
An' Tommie an' Jean an' Pat an'  
Jock,  
Are holdin' th' Huns like a granite  
rock.  
They're cousins uv mine an' had their  
fill,  
I'm ready t' help—let's go," sez Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

“Th’ war will be won by th’ man at  
home,

An’ we know it well.

Let politics go an’ th’ personal  
grudge,

Pick th’ best men—th’ people can  
judge.

Give ‘em th’ jobs that you know are  
hard;

Th’ little man’s due fer th’ big discard.

There’s a terrible lot uv red tape still,  
Cut it all loose—let’s go,” sez Bill.

“It’s a good big job we’ve got on  
hand,

Jest me an’ you.

Let’s stick together—we’re boun’ t’  
win.

You back me up an’ I’ll never give in.

I’m leavin’ th’ folks at home t’ you;

Look after them till th’ war is  
through.

I love you, Uncle, an’ allus will.

I’ll do MY part. Your nephew, Bill.”

## A PRAYER FOR BILL

### A PRAYER FOR BILL

I ain't been much on prayin', God,  
Er goin' t' church,  
I've tried t' do what I thought wuz  
right,  
A-helpin' my friends an' treatin' 'em  
white.  
I'm kinda sharp on a business deal,  
I haven't lied an' I wouldn't steal.  
An' so I'm askin' you, God, to-night:  
Watch over Bill when we start t' fight.

I know you've a lot uv work t' do  
Way over there,  
A-watchin' th' Hun at his hellish play,  
An' countin' th' souls ez they fly away.  
Bill's only a boy, but he had t' go,  
With Mother an' me a-lovin' him so.  
An' so we pray, dear God, to-night:  
Watch over Bill when we start t' fight.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

We're lonely, God, an' want our boy,  
Across th' sea.

All we can do is wait an' pray;  
It's hard t' bear with him away,  
Oh! keep him clean an' brave an' true;  
He's fightin' fer Mother an' me an'  
You.

So hear me, God, ez I pray to-night:  
Watch over Bill when we start t' fight.

We know it will end somehow, some  
day,

Ez all things do.

Th' dead will sleep in th' Madman's  
track,

An' only th' strong come marchin'  
back.

We'll count it lost if th' fight is won,  
Th' price uv success—our only son.

An' so I pray, dear God, to-night:  
Watch over Bill when we start t' fight.

## ALL TOGETHER

---

### ALL TOGETHER

Over in France, in th' dirt an' mud,  
    There's a boy uv ours;  
He said he'd fight till th' war wuz  
    through,  
An' leave th' rest t' me an' you.  
We promised t' help in every way;  
If we couldn't fight we said we'd pay.  
It's up t' us, we can if we will;  
Let's stop our fussin' an' pull fer Bill.

What does it matter, when all is done,  
    T' you an' me,  
T' keep our money, but lose th' fight,  
An' bend our necks t' th' German's  
    might?  
Let's learn t' save an' go without;  
Our money is talkin'—let's make it  
    shout.  
It's up t' us, we can if we will;  
Let's pull together an' pull fer Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

It's easy t' stand a wheatless day,  
If it's helpin' Bill.  
We'd rather be cold than have it said  
We used th' coal when he needed  
bread.  
It isn't much, an' it's rather small  
T' give so little when he gives all.  
It's up t' us, we can if we will;  
Let's stand together an' stand by Bill.

How would you like t' take his place  
Out on th' front?  
How would you like t' be young an'  
strong,  
'A-doin' your part t' right th' wrong?  
Your part's at home—it's hard, I  
know,  
T' stand aside, when th' others go.  
It's up t' us, we can if we will;  
We'll pull together—we're all fer Bill.

## HELPING BILL

---

### HELPING BILL

A great big drive is comin' soon,  
So th' fellers say,  
An' Bill an' th' rest will have a chance  
T' show th' reason they went t'  
France.  
Th' job is big an' th' men are few,  
But a huskier crowd you never knew.  
They've never been licked an' never  
will.  
I wish I wuz there a-helpin' Bill!

Think uv 'em standin' there all alone,  
Them boys uv ours,  
Holdin' their ground when th' Huns  
attack,  
A-stoppin' 'em quick an' drivin' 'em  
back.  
An' now an' then, in th' seethin' hell,  
You'll hear a good old rebel yell,  
Hear it a-risin', loud an' shrill.  
I wish I wuz there a-helpin' Bill!

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

It's a little bit more'n a man can bear,  
A-waitin' fer news.

I hardly can think uv that boy uv mine  
A-takin' his stand on th' battle-line,  
Blackened with powder an' daubed  
with mud,

Pale an' haggard an' red with blood,  
He said he would fight an' I know he  
will;

I wish I wuz there a-helpin' Bill!

They say we're too old t' go an' fight,  
Both me an' you.

We're needed at home t' work an' pay  
An' tend t' business every day.

I'd give the rest uv this life uv mine  
T' be with my boy on th' battle line,  
A-backin' him up, ez I allus will;  
A-fightin' an' helpin' along with Bill.

## SEWING FOR BILL

### SEWING FOR BILL

When th' President said he wanted  
men

Able t' fight,  
Bill promised t' see th' ole war  
through,

An' do th' fightin' fer me an' you.  
We stay at home an' sleep in a bed,  
While Bill lies down with th' dyin' an'  
dead.

So git out an' push, till we're "over  
the hill,"

Be one of th' workers—an' sew fer  
Bill.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

They're cryin' fer all you can sew er  
knit,

Out on th' front.

Th' raw red wounds need rolls uv  
gauze,

Fer a life is lost by a moment's pause.

Bill's willin' t' fight—it's th' part uv  
a man—

You do YOUR part, ez good ez you  
can.

So git out an' push, till we're "over  
the hill,"

Give up your pleasures—an' sew fer  
Bill.

## SEWING FOR BILL

Think uv him wounded an' all alone,  
Way over there.  
Think how he welcomes that glorious  
sight—  
Crosses uv red on th' fields uv white.  
It's little enough he asks us t' do,  
But what there is left is "up t' you."  
So git out an' push, till we're "over  
the hill,"  
"Stick t' your knittin'," and sew fer  
Bill.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## A STAR FOR BILL

There's an empty place with an empty  
chair

In this house uv mine.

We lost a boy but they gained a man  
Who'll do his part ez good ez he can.  
We're lonely an' sad, his mother an'  
me—

They needed men an' it had t' be.  
But while he's gone there's hangin'  
still

Our Service Flag an' it stands fer Bill.

It wasn't bought but sewed with care  
By a mother's hands.

Stitch by stitch an' seam by seam,  
With chokin' sobs an' a prayer be-  
tween.

Lovin' an' tender th' hands that made  
Th' flag that means that a debt is paid.  
A poor little flag that makes me thrill,  
All red an' white with a star fer Bill.

## A STAR FOR BILL

Dear is our flag, with it's stars an'  
stripes,

Ez it waves on high.

Th' flag that is close t' my heart t'day  
Is th' flag uv th' boy that is far away.  
An' th' little star in th' field uv white  
Tells uv a boy that has gone t' fight.  
Our flag is dear, but dearer still  
That little blue star that stands fer  
Bill.



## **OTHER WAR VERSES**



## OVER THE TOP

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### OVER THE TOP

A bookkeeper sat on an office stool,  
With ink eraser and pen and rule,  
He added 'em up, all clear 'an neat,  
'An' brought 'em down on the balance  
sheet.

The credits in black an' the debits in  
red,  
But always this song ran through his  
head:

"I want to go out with the Army,  
And learn to take a chance;  
I want to be, before I'm done,  
A roarin', fightin' son-of-a-gun.  
I want to "hike" and carry a pack,  
And I don't care if I never come back.  
I want to go over to France!"

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

A statement of this and an invoice  
made,

“Discount allowed” and “freight pre-  
paid,”

“Shipment delayed” and “please  
remit,”

All these and more made up his “bit.”  
But over and over, throughout the  
day,

If you listened close, you’d hear him  
say:

“I want to go out with the Army,  
And wear those bulgin’ pants.

I want to be, before I’m done,

A roarin’, fightin’ son-of-a-gun.

I want to follow wherever I’m led,

I want to know if my blood runs red.

I want to go over to France!”

## THE "U" BOAT

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### THE "U" BOAT

Deep in the sea, in the mire and ooze,  
Shunning the sight of man,  
It broods alone, like a loathsome beast,  
Licking its jaws from its bloody feast,  
Under humanity's ban.

Bestial, slimy, and gruesome,  
Foul from its hellish meal,  
Waiting alone for another day  
To gorge itself on its helpless prey,  
Ruthless and cold as steel.

Ravenous, vile, abhorrent,  
A ghou! by its master's will,  
It slavers and mouths the soft white  
flesh  
Of mother and babe, as they bleed  
afresh,  
With jaws that are never still.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## FOR FRANCE

(A French outpost had been subjected to a heavy fire all day and the dead and dying lay in great heaps together. When the German line leaped out of the trenches and attempted to occupy the French position, a dying sergeant sprang to his feet with the cry, "Arise, ye dead!" Animated by a common spirit, the dying men made one last effort and hurled the Germans back with heavy loss.—*War Correspondent's Report.*)

The fight had been long and bitter,  
And shrapnel and bursting shell  
Had made of the trench a shambles  
More awful than tongue can tell.

The wounded crowded the dying,  
The dead men lay as they fell;  
The deep-trod mud was red with blood,  
Like an anteroom loaned by hell.

## FOR FRANCE

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Out of the smoke came the Germans,  
True sons of the Terrible Hun;  
Counting the battle ended,  
Thinking the fight was won.

Up sprang a boyish sergeant,  
Raising his flag on high;  
“Come, drive them back, my comrades—  
We haven’t the time to die!”

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

And up from the bloody trenches  
The wounded and dying rose,  
And hurled what was left of their  
bodies,  
Full hard in the face of their foes.

To France is the fame and the glory,  
Dear God, of that wonderful sight;  
When men that were almost in heaven,  
Arose from the dead to fight!

## VENGEANCE

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### VENGEANCE

“ . . . and with what measure ye mete  
withal it shall be measured to you again.”—  
Luke 6:38.

Daily by cot and pallet, the idle sol-  
diers stand,  
Hearing the tales of horror, told by  
the broken band.  
Daily they stand and listen, marking  
the sightless eyes  
Of these who sit in darkness, beneath  
the sun-lit skies.

Always the cry of vengeance, as beg-  
gars seeking a dole,  
The cry of the broken body calling to  
him that's whole.  
And ever the cry is louder, from out  
the ravished lands,  
Of those that sit in darkness, with idle,  
groping hands.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Daily they gather closer, touching  
    them now and then,  
The scars that once were faces, the  
    bodies that once were men;  
Deep grows the pity, deeper, searing  
    the very soul,  
For those that sit in darkness, and  
    nevermore are whole.

This is the promise given to those that  
    fight no more,  
Binding and true the promise, swear-  
    ing it o'er and o'er:  
"Full measure and overflowing, we'll  
    mete it out again  
To beasts that hide their natures un-  
    der the guise of men."

# THEY SHALL NOT PASS

## THEY SHALL NOT PASS

“To every man upon this earth,  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the Temples of his Gods?”  
*Macaulay's Horatius.*

Behind them lies the homeland,  
A-gleaming in the sun,  
In front the blackened landscape,  
Tells of the ruthless Hun.

Behind them lies the honor  
Of daughters and of wives;  
In front they rape and ravish,  
Where brave men gave their lives.

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

Behind them lies the passage  
Straight to the heart of France;  
In front the hordes of vandals  
Fight ever to advance.

And by their hope in heaven,  
By flower and tree and grass;  
By earth and sky and water,  
They swear, "They shall not pass!"

## THEY SHALL NOT PASS

“And while the earth is fertile,  
And sunshine follows rain,  
As long as sparks fly upward,  
The Boche shall strive in vain.”

And souls that dwell in free-men  
Shall wing their way on high,  
And spread the word in heaven  
That freedom shall not die.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## THE BARBARIAN

Thou impious one that dares to claim  
God's sanction for thy deeds of  
shame!

Dost think a God, whose only Son  
Took to his heart each little one,  
Saying, as they gathered around his  
knee,

“Suffer the children to come unto  
Me”;

Dost think this God will close his eyes  
To handless arms, nor hear the cries  
Of innocent babes, by thy commands  
Maimed and helpless throughout the  
lands?

How dost thou dare, whose acts are  
known,

To name Our Lord upon His Throne,

## THE BARBARIAN

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And call on Him to be thy guide  
With crimes like these on every side?  
Thou foolish one, God is not mocked  
By empty words, in floods unlocked.  
Nor canst thou blind eternal sight  
By deeds of horror done at night.  
When God requires thy soul of thee,  
And from thy crimes the world is free,  
Then shalt thou know His judgment  
clear,  
And cringe and moan in craven fear.  
Then shalt thou know, thou senseless  
clod,  
How strong the justice of our God!

## BILL OF THE U. S. A.

### THE COMFORTER

In No Man's Land, where the dead  
men lie,  
Where the shrapnel bursts and the  
bullets fly,  
A boy lay shattered and all alone,  
Gritting his teeth to choke a groan.

Friends he had but he had to die,  
Broken and bleeding and wondering  
why  
No comrade came to grip his hand  
And wish him luck in the other land.

He never had planned to die like this,  
Out in the grass where the bullets hiss,  
Untended, helpless and foul with mud,  
Watching the flow of his living blood.

## THE COMFORTER

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His eyes grew dim and he tried to  
    pray,  
'And the God of His Fathers, far away,  
Gazed in pity and sent a friend  
To guard him close to the bitter end.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Out in the grass a face looked up,  
The shaggy face of an Airedale pup.  
Homely he was, but his deep brown  
    eyes  
Lighted with love and a glad surprise.

One could crawl and the other smile;  
Both were dying, but after a while  
A dog and a boy lay side by side,  
Happy together—and so they died.

# BILL OF THE U. S. A.

## WE'LL NEVER GIVE IN

### Marching Song

We've packed our "kits" and crossed  
the sea,  
Where life is cheap and bullets are  
free.  
We've plenty of guns and enough to  
eat;  
We're husky and strong and hard to  
beat.

Tell them back home,  
We'll never give in;  
Let them all know,  
We'll never give in;  
We're in the fight and we're in to win;  
So carry this message, "We'll never  
give in!"

## WE'LL NEVER GIVE IN

We're up to our necks in dirt and mud,  
Splashing around in rivers of blood;  
We've fought all night—we'll fight all  
day,  
And the Germans know there's hell to  
pay.

Tell them back home,  
We'll never give in;  
Let them all know,  
We'll never give in;  
We're in the fight and we're in to win;  
So carry this message, "We'll never  
give in!"







1. The first line is a vertical line.

2.

3. The second line is a vertical line.

4.

5. The third line is a vertical line.

